Vol. CXLIV. No. 1880.

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[THE BYSTANDER December 27, 1939

The BYSTANDER

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by Charles Spencelayh

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No. 1880. Vol. CXLIV.

The Bystander

Lenare

The Viscountess Carlow and Her Son

Lady Carlow is the Canadian wife of the only son of the Earl and Countess of Portarlington. Their son, George Lionel Yuill Seymour Dawson-Damer, was a year old last August, and is a godson of the Duke of Kent. Lady Carlow was Peggy Cambie before her marriage three years ago, is the daughter of the late Charles Cambie, of Toronto. Squadron-Leader Lord Carlow used to be in the Grenadier Guards, then joined the A.A.F.; last year he was appointed to command the City of London Fighter Squadron, A.A.F. The Carlows' home is at Swinley Forest, in Berkshire

The Passing Hour

Wartime Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

ENTHUSIASTS on the subject of naval warfare throughout the ages can hardly contain their impatience for a detailed account of the tactics employed by the three cruisers against the Graf Spee. The three captains must have given an exhibition of technical skill hardly ever equalled. By all the rules of the game the pocket-battleship ought to have been able to get its heavy guns on to all three of the cruisers at one time or another, because it is certain that the cruisers were all within range from time to time. To shepherd this highly dangerous unit into the River Plate with practically no losses must have been an incredible feat.

THE Finnish "Government" which has been set up by the Soviet in the frontier town of Tarjoki, is headed by a gentleman named Kuusinen. The name awakens a faint echo, for it was this gentleman who signed the letters to the Communist Party of Great Britain when the Communist offices were raided in 1925. The letters contained detailed instructions of the work which the British Communist Party must do to bring about a revolution.

THE Prime Minister has been asked whether he has any information concerning the number of British subjects employed for broadcasting in Germany. Regretfully, he replied that he had no information, but that he would be delighted to consider any suggestions how that information might be obtained. I think a good many of us would like to know who are the renegades, with a view to discussing the matter with them after the war is over.

WHAT has happened to the famous Scottish spirit of enterprise that we hear so much about (thanks to Scots like myself, who talk so much about it)? When the war started, the Government embarked on a tremendous programme of printing—posters, ration-books, home defence leaflets, identity cards, and so on. Scottish printing firms were asked to compete for sixty-seven separate items of printing. They only bothered to quote for seventeen of these, and, as a result, less than a thousand pounds'-worth of Government printing went to Scotland, and seventy-one thousand pounds'-worth stayed in England.

WITH the season of good resolutions upon us, surely it is time for the B.B.C. to do something about its News Bulletins. The endless and boring repetitions of news that has been announced over and over again, and often wasn't really news even the first time, is steadily getting the citizenry down. According to the B.B.C., there is never anything happening in India, or in China, or in the United States, or in Spain, or in Italy. Newspapers send their correspondents all over the world. Why shouldn't the B.B.C. send an occasional special reporter to give eye-witness descriptions of what is happening in other countries? This is quite apart from a news-service. I believe people over here like to know what is going on in America, for instance, and nobody can say that the B.B.C. is short of funds now that it only has to spend fourpence halfpenny a month on its entertainment programmes.

A DEPUTATION of small boys and girls most certainly ought to be organised to wait upon Mr. W. S. Morrison, the Minister of Food, to protest against a disgraceful and untrue statement which he has just made. You would hardly believe it, but the Minister has had the nerve to say that he regards ice-cream as a non-essential food-stuff.

A NICE piece of officialdom has just come along. Field-glasses are part of an officer's equipment, and are supposed to be issued free by the State. A certain officer of the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, not having received his State issue, decided to use his own, and his brother brought them across from Ireland. The glasses, engraved with the officer's name, were seized by the Customs, and unless he pays six pounds for their release, the Customs will sell them.

LAST week the BYSTANDER published a photograph of Sir Denison Ross manipulating chop-sticks in an expert manner, and explained that Sir Denison was leaving England on a secret diplomatic mission which could not be divulged.

(*Concluded on page 376*)

The Commander Inspects a Trench

Lieut.-General Sir John Dill, who was in October appointed Commander of the 1st Corps, B.E.F., is seen in this British official photograph inspecting the digging of a trench in a beet field; his car waits in the background. Before the war, Sir John Dill was G.O.C. Aldershot

The Committee Inspects a "Heart-Perch"

The United Artists (not the film ones) are preparing their exhibition at the Royal Academy. Representing 1800 artists, it opens in January, in aid of the Red Cross Fund and the Artists' Benevolent Fund. Here Committeemen Victor Pasmore and R. O. Dunlop examine an exhibit entitled "Perch for a Heart"

Tunbridge

Head Wizard : the Minister of Information

A fortnight ago Lord Macmillan replied to a House of Lords debate on the Ministry of Information, apropos Lord Raglan's resignation. Among other things, he likened the Ministry to "a wizard's parlour; a most remarkable place, humming with activity." An example of this activity had just been given by Lord Dufferin and Ava, Under-Secretary for the Colonies, who also defended the Ministry, and pointed out that Lord Raglan's successor filled the spare time that was part cause of Lord Raglan's resignation "by going round libraries reading books that had not been voluntarily submitted for censorship and making sure that they were not exceeding the censorship." It is easily understandable that this, as Lord Dufferin said, "took time." Lord Macmillan became Minister of Information two days after war was declared; in the last war he was Assistant Director of Intelligence in the same Ministry, so the work of the "wizard's parlour" is not new to him. He is a Law Lord, has been or is chairman or president of a bewildering number of committees, courts and institutions (he gave his name to the famous pre-slump finance and industry report of 1929), is the son of a Greenock Doctor of Divinity, combines great administrative ability with intellectual power and wide scholarship. He is nearly sixty-seven

The Passing Hour

(Continued from page 374)

In order to preserve this secrecy in all its beautiful completeness, Hansard announced on the following day that Sir Denison is going to Turkey to promote the "existing friendship between Great Britain and Turkey." He is being accompanied by Major H. M. Burton, a regular officer who can also speak several Oriental languages, including Turkish.

THERE is a Committee of the Chester Corporation which is called the Improvements Committee, and I must say it goes out of its way to earn its title. It recently dug an A.R.P. trench across the site of the Roman amphitheatre, and thereby destroyed a considerable amount of Roman masonry. The Office of Works not unnaturally put in some nasty questions on the subject, but the Committee blandly replied that a trench had to be provided for a neighbouring school, and no other site was available. A Plague of Boils and Blains on the Chester Improvements Committee!

THE Mass Observation boys (whose pictures you saw in the BYSTANDER not so long ago) have produced another of their wartime sheets. It contains the answer to their question of the previous month, "What are the six main inconveniences of wartime on the home front?" The answer shows that the black-out is miles ahead of all other grievances. Transport, prices, fuel and food shortage are practically bracketed second, but the black-out has twice as many blasphemers as any of the others. Oddly enough, lack of news and lack of amusements are the lowest in the list.

THE Council for Civil Liberties announces a rather sinister affair in Maryport, Cumberland. Some time ago a hostile crowd attacked a working-class club, poured petrol on it, and tried to set it on fire (with the secretary, his family, and three evacuated children in the upper rooms), and smashed all the windows, and threw stones at it. The police were equipped with torches, and there was a full moon, but no one was identified, and no arrests were made. The club offered the police a reward of five pounds for information concerning the culprits, but the offer was refused by the police. The Council for Civil Liberties then wrote to the Chief Constable of Cumberland, making five specific charges against the Maryport police. Four weeks later the Chief Constable replied, saying the charges were unfounded. There the matter stands at present, and the Council is considering what to do next.

A FEW weeks ago I wrote that Martin Hare, the English wife of a Polish officer, and authoress of an interesting novel, *Polonaise*, had escaped from the shambles of Poland into Lithuania. But now it is reported that her troubles are by no means over. She embarked with her husband on an Estonian ship for this country. But the ship has been captured by the Germans, and all the 110 refugees on board have been interned.

IN these days of paper shortage and reluctance to embark on new commercial ventures, it is pleasant to be able to record that the Cresset Press has produced a magnificent book of photographs of China, India, Burma and Ceylon. There are more than 200 superb plates, and it is some time since I came across any publication so perfectly suited for taking the mind off the war. It is called *India and China*, and the photographs are by Mr. Alfred Nawrath.

THE little Torch Theatre in Wilton Place, Knightsbridge, has reopened, I am glad to say, and the first play of its new season is *The Venetian*, by Mr. Clifford Bax. Future productions sound interesting—*The House of Women*, by Louis Bromfield and Dorothy Black, and *Killycreggs in Twilight*, by Lennox Robinson.

EVEN the hardest hearts are sometimes moved by the Spirit of Poesy. Those tough citizens who live at the corner of Fleet Street and Shoe Lane, in that black glass building, suddenly burst into metre the other day in the very first words of their leading article in the *Express*. Getting all hotted up about the Newfoundland fishermen who have come over to join the Navy, the Shoe Lane eggs started with the following immortal words: "From the misty banks of Atlantic shores, From the seas where the codlings swarms." It is enough to bring tears to anyone's eyes.

IT just shows how wartime upsets all decent, reasonable perspective. Last week the papers were filled with headlines, photographs, articles, paragraphs, and expert comments about the sinking of the Graf Spee at Monte Video. And all the time the news which would have shaken the Empire six months ago was tucked away into a tiny paragraph: Playing for South Australia against New South Wales, Mr. Don Bradman scored 251 not out.

THIS is a true story. A friend of mine, who is the son of a bishop, and was recently farming in Africa before he returned to get a commission, told me that while he was on his farm he got a letter from his Right Reverend parent which contained the sentence, "You will be sorry to hear of the death of the Archdeacon. He dropped down dead on the golf-course at the fourteenth hole. And what makes it so particularly unlucky is that he was two up at the time."

Owing to Christmas posts and press days, Mr. Douglas Reed's article did not arrive in time for this issue.

Pre-Christmas Parties: One in Bournemouth, Two in London

Three Hambros were in a dinner-party at a Bournemouth gala evening — Mrs. Jack Woodroffe, her sister, Elizabeth Hambro, and their brother, Everard Hambro. They are the children of Captain Angus Hambro, M.P. Mrs. Woodroffe was married in early September

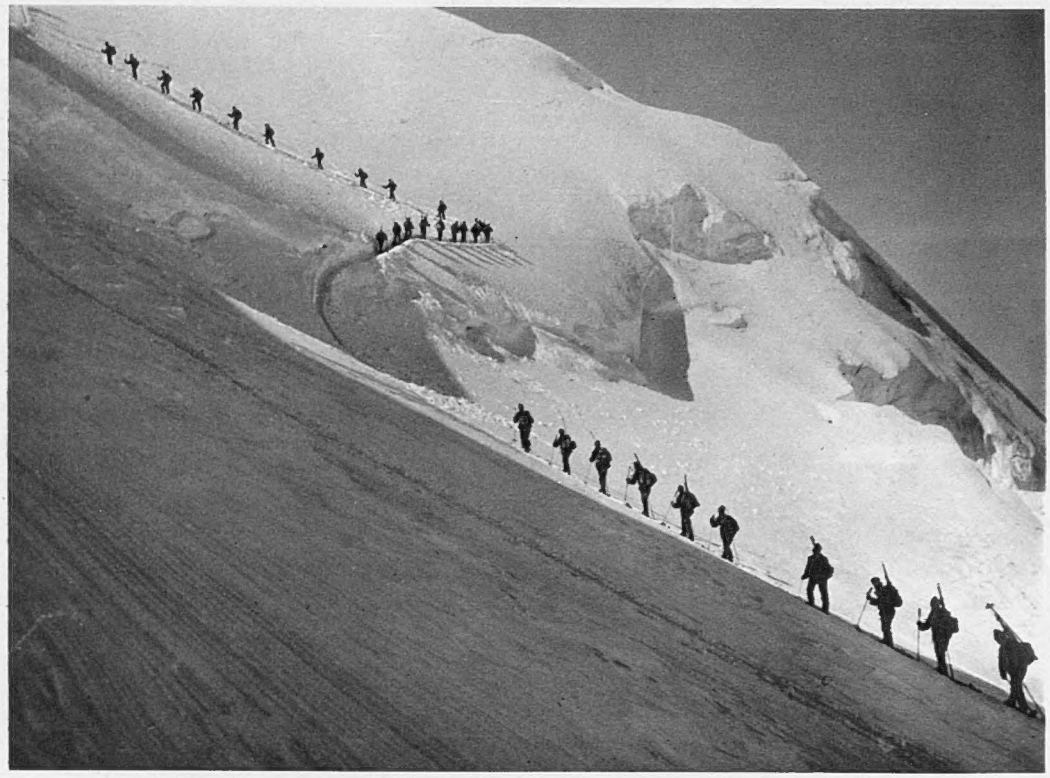
Miss Muriel Watson and Captain Sir Neville Pearson shared a sofa for dinner at the May Fair. She is the daughter of Admiral Sir Hugh Watson, who retired in 1930

The Hon. Pamela Berry, Lord Kemsley's only daughter, was out dancing with Hamilton O'Malley-Keyes, who is in the Irish Guards. He is the son of Mrs. O'Malley-Keyes, of Castel Meretmont, Biarritz

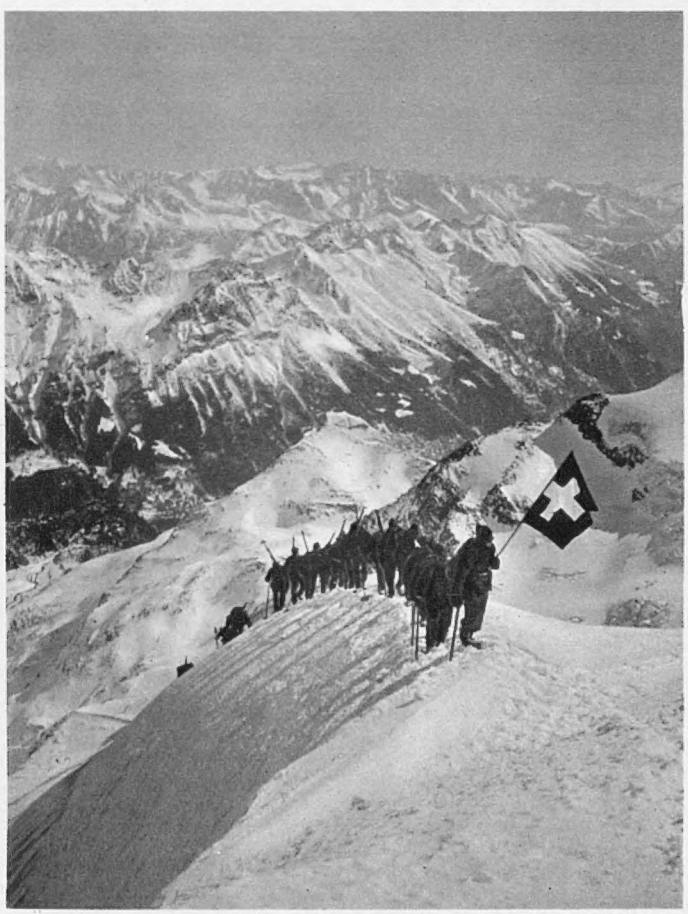
Manœuvres in the Mountains: The Swiss Army Goes Climbing Above the Rhône

SWITZERLAND'S army, a militia with the finest military tradition in Europe, was mobilised September 1939 to guarantee the neutrality of the Confederation and to guard, though the Swiss would never officially say so, against the possibility of the German High Command trying to turn our right flank via the Jura Mountains. Switzerland, though no maritime power, suffers greatly from the fight which she must be ready to fight to keep out of: for having no standing army, mobilisation means for her a complete turnover of civil life. Under the reorganisation of Swiss defence forces inaugurated by the National Defence Act, 1936, three independent mountain brigades were created and recruited exclusively from mountaineers. These pictures, taken "somewhere in the eternal winter" show the conditions of service in this unit

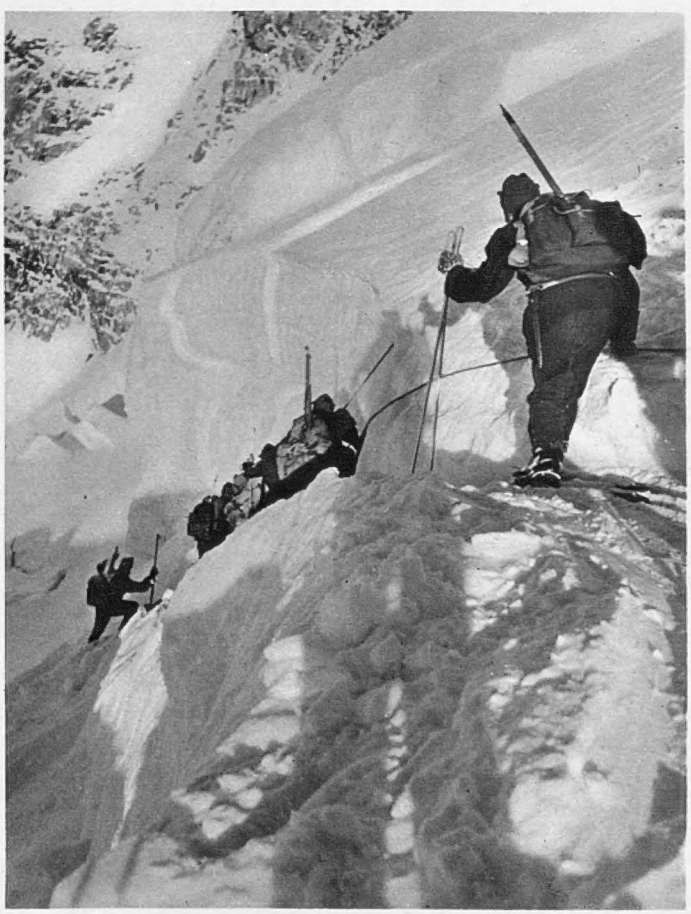
Photographs by Pedrett



Even in good weather *these exercises are no winter-sports outing, the men carrying rifles and heavy equipment as well as ski-sticks and ice-axes. On the frontier, or in actual combat, the brigade would be issued with white clothing: as they are, they make ideal targets*



The banner *with the well-known device first made itself respected in the fifteenth century when Cantonal pikemen stood their ground against the cavalry of Charles the Bold of Burgundy, and chose the square cross as their Confederate sign*



The ascent *of a four-thousand-metre peak in the Western Alps, one of the most difficult in the neighbourhood, can be made by tourists only with guides. Experts will easily identify it from these shots*

"Remontons les Champs-Elysées," at the Academy

Three Centuries of Guitry in a Film Featuring His Third and Fourth Wives

*1. **1617:** after Guitry has introduced the film as a professor of history it jumps back to the reign of Louis XIII., when the Queen-Regent, Marie de Medici, is seen planning the Avenue des Champs-Elysées with the help of her low-born Florentine lover, Concini. Little Louis, hated by his mother, stands sullenly by [Raymond Galle, Germaine Demoz, Silvio de Pedrelli]*

*2. **1750:** Louis XIV. has passed in historical appearance as Louis XV., waits (left) while a newly-procured "If only her poor father could have*

*4. **Like father—:** Louis and Louisette are delighted with each other, and Guitry undoubtedly pays a compliment to the dissolute Louis XV. in his acting of him. They have a son, Ludovic [Guitry, Jeanne Marken]*

*5. **—Like son:** Ludovic comes back after the Revolution to the Paris that killed his half-brother and sets up in the Champs-Elysées a restaurant which later becomes the Ambassadeurs. Like his sire, he is fond of a pretty face [Guitry, Marie Claire Pissaro]*

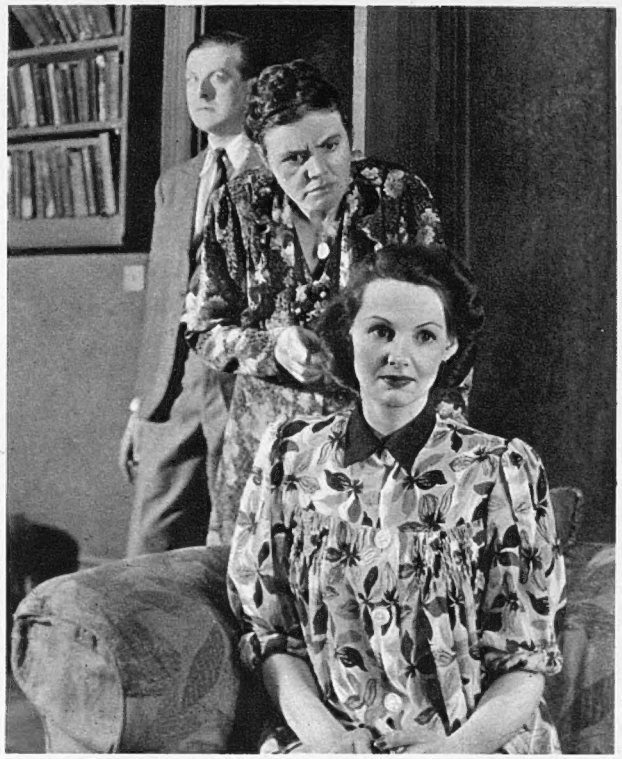
a mere few feet of film and Guitry makes his first under whom the Pompadour ruled the Court. Here she girl takes leave of her mother, the latter saying: lived to see the day" [*Josseline Gael, Jeanne Marken*]

In Sacha Guitry's newest film, which combines features of *Le Tricheur*, *Les Perles de la Couronne* and *Trois Valses*, there is full play for the actor-author's predilection for a complicated cavalcade of scenes, in all of which he takes chief part. There are two central features (beyond himself): the Avenue des Champs-Elysées and its development, and the descent of a schoolteacher from the Bourbons via Ludovic, illegitimate son of Louis XV. The film opens with Guitry as the schoolteacher saying to his ten-year-olds, in traditional historian's style, "Come with me to the year 1617." The film proceeds to do so, but with a Guitry, and not a Green, angle: and the galanteries of three centuries unroll before the undoubtedly popping eyes of the schoolchildren who are supposed to be listening. A wealth of research is said to have been expent on the material and the whole film is a monument of extraordinary versatility. Sacha Guitry's third (Jacqueline Delubac) and fourth (Geneviève de Serréville) wives both support him in small parts

3. Louisette, *the young girl procured for Louis by the Pompadour (see No. 2), is ushered into the royal ante-chamber where sleeps the Marquis de Chauvelin, a crony of Louis. He wakes up delighted and engages Louisette but his idyll is soon broken when a well-known voice booms, "Rendez-moi ma place!" and Guitry marches in* [*Lucien Barroux, Jeanne Marken*]

6. 1851: *the second Empire is established by Guitry as Napoleon III., his Eugenie being Raymonde Alain. In all, Guitry takes six parts as well as getting credits for story, dialogue and direction*

7. 1870: *in the Bal Mabille gay Paris waltzes, heedless of the marching feet till, in German boots, they march down the Champs-Elysées. A flash-on to modern times closes the film*



"Punch without Judy" Is Back in its Stride

Max Catto's play, due for presentation when war intervened, came on eventually this month, at the New, and is now showing twice nightly. An amusing, superficial story of love in Bloomsbury, its chief attraction is Elizabeth Allan as Judy, here getting a piece of landlady Marjorie Rhodes' mind; in background, Henry Kendall

Gordon Harker at a Fitting

Harker's face expresses the feelings of any Hackney man who finds himself robed à la Chinoise and posed for a picture: he was a visitor to the China Campaign's Christmas bazaar in North Audley Street, where Chinese-made goods are sold to benefit the International Peace Hospital in China. Harker at present leads a strong cast in "Saloon Bar," Frank Harvey's play at Wyndham's

Theatre News

Jessie Matthews at Hammersmith

Jessie Matthews and her husband, Sonnie Hale, were billed for a new revue at the Coliseum, "I Can Take It," when war broke out. They have now transferred it to the King's, Hammersmith, called it "Come Out to Play," and opened yesterday

Girls: a Dance du Ventre at Grosvenor House

The Ambassador Girls are the lovelies of the new Grosvenor House cabaret show, which includes such seasonal items as a conjurer (who makes a wireless set disappear; he would be useful in Germany) and an ex-Rugger Blue ballroom dancer. Les Girls, seen here rehearsing for one of their West Indian numbers, come from l'Hotel des Ambassadeurs, Paris (for a historical note on which, see page 379, picture 5)

The Theatre: By Herbert Farjeon

"Ladies in Retirement" (St. James's)

"LONDON'S Only Thriller," says the advertisement in the papers. Which puts us on the qui vive the moment the curtain rises on Mary Merrall (who has the house and the cash) and Mary Clare (who has two dotty sisters and one nefarious nephew) living alone together. The opening dialogue whets our expectation. There is talk of an estuary—*and* of a priory—with marshes, floods and curlews *obbligati*. And the local builder has delivered half a load of bricks too many, a circumstance which would hardly have been mentioned by two such expert authors as Edward Percy and Reginald Denham but for some good gruesome intent. What, in London's only thriller, would Miss Clare naturally do with half a load of bricks too many? Obviously, they must be used—and in a flash we have it. Brick up Miss Merrall, of course, whose flaming hair suggests this as an appropriate end. But we are sorry to lose her at the close of the first act, when, as she strums the latest tune from *The Mikado*, Miss Clare advances upon her with cords outstretched. . . .

IT is the two dotty sisters who are the cause of the crime, for Miss Merrall, having generously received them into the house, determines, quite understandably, to get them out of it again—and Miss Clare is so passionately attached to them that she cannot let them go. This attachment is, I feel, insufficiently emphasised. To make the crime plausible, it should be an attachment even dottier than the sisters themselves. Miss Clare does not suggest this for one moment, nor do the authors give her much opportunity to do so. But if we are surprised by the crime, and even more surprised to find Miss Clare such an expert mason afterwards, we are given to understand that it all did really happen once. The authors dedicate their play on the programme "to the memory of the French prototypes who wrote it with their lives." And odd though it may seem to dedicate a work of art to a murderess, two lunatics and a thief, there's not a doubt that some of the titled folk who used to monopolise dedications in the old days were pretty bad lots, however flowery the compliments.

AFTER the bricking-up of Mary Merrall, the unmasking of Mary Clare, a feat accomplished step by step by Richard Newton as the deceased's nephew. But Miss Merrall being no more, what occupied all my interest from this point onward was the performance given by Miss Margaret Watson as the softer, sillier, more feminine and more pathetic of the two sisters. The flutter of her hands, the toss of her head, the giggles of delight, the quick acquiescences, were all flawlessly done. This was the real thrill in the thriller, and it wasn't a thrill of horror, either. One of the most intelligent and sensitive pieces of acting of the year, for which the authors, who have written the part with insight, deserve a good share of the credit.

With murder in her heart, eyes and hands: Ellen Creed (Mary Clare)

Sketches by Rouson

Lucy finds that nature in the raw is seldom mild: Albert Feather (Richard Newton) and Lucy Gilham (Joan Kemp-Welch)

Merry spinster with a variegated past and a short future: Leonora Fiske (Mary Merrall)

Queer folk: Louisa and Emily Creed, two simple sisters (Margaret Watson and Phyllis Morris)

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"Hark! is that the gas rattle?"
"No; it's only my teeth chattering!"

NOBODY except half London will ever know one tittle of the agonies of mind our leading M.P.-journalists endured immediately after the Secret Session. We can see one or two of the boys we know personally—chaps of Castilian honour and masters of nervous, crystalline prose—already holding dinner-parties spellbound as they relate, with cautious reservations, how they wrestled with and conquered their powerful Dæmon. ("Scoop! Scoop!"—"*Retro me, Satanas!*"). Even if the penalty for babbling weren't 50 years in the Tower, outlawry, and branding on both cheeks, those boys would never give anything away, we need hardly tell you. Unfortunately, journalism is such a liberal profession nowadays, enlisting the eager pens of practically everybody from bishops to bigamists, that one instinctively hesitates before handing the entire *corps d'élite* of our brethren and sisters a bouquet of this kind. You may remember the bouncing Borrow's testimonial to the impregnable virtue of the Spanish Gypsy and his story of a Don who tried in vain to tempt a gitana with a hatful of gold. Discussing this, an Andalusian realist remarked to Prosper Mérimée that the gentleman would have been more successful if he'd offered just a couple of piastres; the girl naturally thought she was being led up the garden. The same applies more or less to other branches of the profession. If we told you how often we've been approached by rich women with fantastic bribes of yachts and diamonds and dancing-girls to suppress the truth in this page, you'd be aghast. It's pretty well known round Town nowadays that our standard price is a bottle of Bass, take it or leave it. No doubt some of our journalistic colleagues of higher social and official position charge more, but at least no British M.P. has ever been bought, nor, please Heaven, ever will be.

Here's a good trick with matches: you place four matches on a table in a square. Then take two other matches, one in each

(Continued on page 585)

Rap

ALTHOUGH one or two special correspondents in France are slipping into that fatal old trick, which so incensed the troops last time, of reporting universal cheerio, others are sticking to sober reality, notably Mr. William Hickey of the *Express*, who reports routine exercises and prevailing boredom. On the other hand, we thought the young R.A.F. squadron-leader who said to him rather disdainfully: "I'm dead against châteaux and all that stuff, the romantic Bairnsfather sort of war, singing in estaminets, cracking bottles of champagne, etc.", was getting a bit above himself. ("Youth! Youth!" as the smiling wine-merchant murmurs in *Zuleika Dobson*.) No doubt the boy has been told by Nanny that we old sweats always had a bottle of Perrier-Jouet and a girl on each knee on the firing-step. However, we pass the lad's naïve remark on to Slogger Bairnsfather for information and any necessary action.

"Quick—there's a mouse in my dressing-room"

Incidentally to that natural — but no doubt temporary—boredom, one would like to know if the cigarette-and-letter problem is now finally solved and everything running smoothly. All that mechanisation should benefit the modern Army a great deal in this matter, one would think. The old sybarites to whom the R.A.F. boy referred so sniffily were the constant prey alike of the Base-Wallah and the Bureaucrat. A chap was reminding us last week that after the Armistice of 1918 millions of cigarettes destined for British troops were made into a fine big bonfire at Antwerp, simply because there was nothing else to do with them. However, as the Island Race always remarks when things happen again, it can't happen again.

Travelogue

ONE of the gossip-boys who has been spending a week-end at Bristol describes it as the British Budapest (compare Vienna, often described by lyrical pre-1914 travellers as the Austrian Bath). Relatively, the boy is accurate enough. Bristol is far more gay and bustling than London at the moment and was always twice as romantic, possessing as she does the very quays from which Sebastian Cabot sailed for America—and to which the later seadogs returned, their holds full of rum and negro slaves to make the pious burghers of Bristol extremely rich—and also the Hot Wells and the Downs to which the Beau Monde flocked in the eighteenth century. A doubly rich and evocative atmosphere, one might say; the fragrance of rum and tobacco mingled with pomander and Hungary-water. Bristol has never exhaled that typical dreary provincial smell which Huysmans compared to the whiff of damp and glue and mouldy biscuits you get on opening an old cupboard in a long-empty house. Another interesting thing about this ancient city is that its less thoughtful citizens use "l" to terminate words usually taking "r"—for example, "papel" for "paper." Nobody knows why, unless it is a faint echo of New Guinea and the Dry Tortugas. The female citizenry of Bristol, like that of Dublin, New York, Leicester, Rome, Leeds, Stockholm, Salzburg, Seville, Oshkosh (Wis.), and some 500 other places, is the handsomest in the

world, and citizens rejected by Bristol girls have the finest suspension bridge in England to leap from, their superb torsos hurtling daily into the beautiful gorge of the Avon, so feelingly praised by Miss Lydia Bramble, who likewise found the waters at the Hot Wells "so pure, so mild, so agreeably mawkish."

Monogamy prevails nowadays to a large extent in this admirable town, and you will notice that Bristol citizens make their wives carry the parcels—an interesting relic of the slave-traffic, though nose-rings and ankle-chains are no longer common. We are now taking you back to the studio, where Professor J. Noobler Deedy will describe old times in the Rutlandshire snudge-furbishing industry.

Racket

THERE 's a hedonist story, which you may have heard (as if we cared !), about a chap who, after being demobbed in 1918, got his man to wake him every morning at 6.30 with the words: "Colonel's compliments, sir, and you 're late for parade." Whereupon, replying, "My compliments to the Colonel, and tell him I 'll come down when I feel like it and kick his pants till his eyes drop out," this chap rolled over and was soon happily asleep again. Many enlightened citizens are probably deriving the same sensuous thrill from switching on the B.B.C.'s early-morning jerks from a bedside radio and dozing gently off, lulled by the thought of all the groaning and creaking crétins performing their entrechats and arabesques in the hopeless dawn. "Sweet," as Slogger Lucretius soundly remarks, "when the great sea's water is stirred to his depths by the storm-winds, standing ashore to descry one afar off mightily struggling." Possibly this is the B.B.C. boys' secret intention ? They got the idea (among others) from America, after all, where the populace is addicted to many curious superstitions — increasingly shared, we admit, by the Island Race. The other day a clergyman wrote to Auntie *Times* in some distress because St. Paul, according to the Authorised Version, seems to be turning down the Fitness Racket. ("Bodily exercise profiteth little.") Even the Revised Version, though slightly less downright, didn't seem to quote the Apostle as shouting "Fitness wins !", so another revision of the Scriptures is evidently needed.

Conquistador

HAVING discovered Southend single-handed a few years ago, and added it with some éclat to our Imperial possessions, our old maestro and idol James ("Boss") Agate has now discovered Suburbia, with similar fanfares and feux-de-joie ; but whether Swiss Cottage, which lies on the Hampstead Border, has yet put up a statue to him as the inhabitants of Southend did—it 's the one on the front which looks like Queen Victoria—we haven't discovered. To the Boss's genuine surprise he found (we gather from his manifesto in the *Daily Express*) that the natives of Swiss Cottage are white and don't eat human flesh. Reading between the lines, we guess their head-man or cacique came out with a present of fruit, nuts and *skoch*, a native drink, rubbing his stomach and pointing to the sun. This the Boss rightly interpreted as meaning that the sight of him made Swiss Cottage feel good, and that the rays of his golden countenance were glorious and life-giving, a truth the Boss has heard so often from West End leading ladies panned by him in the *Sunday Times* that he 's more or less blasé.

We can tell Boss Agate now, having spoken recently with a half-breed guide, that in Swiss Cottage the natives think he is the fabled Qortbotl, the mystic forerunner of a godlike race of Children of the Sun, whose appearance a Swiss Cottage soothsayer foretold years ago as coming over the sea. The Boss apparently took a 13 bus, but the principle 's the same.

Yellow

FLINGING herself on the sofa with a cynical laugh amid a foamy cascade of frou-frou, lighting an Oriental cigarette and deliberately exposing one open-work ankle, the Victorian Fast Mopsy invariably picked up a yellow French novel from a mother-of-pearl occasional table. That final touch was, as it were, the hallmark of hotblooded mopsiness. When the V.F.M. was not flashing her ankles in and out of hansom-cabs and luring young attachés to her villa in St. John's Wood, she was always reading scrofulous French yellowbacks, the colour of which—compare *The Yellow Book*—was eloquent of Continental sin. Pondering this deep distrust of yellow, from which the Island Race is still by no means free, we observe that the French Book Club in Grosvenor Place is cunning enough to issue its monthly choice bound either in decent leather or cloth, or thick green or grey paper. We 've often taken an agonised crack at the booksy racket when it seemed to us to be creating and disseminating more tripe than it reasonably should, but there 's nothing to say against the French Book Club, and we admit it. To get the latest Mauriac, or Duhamel, or Bainville, or Carco, or Morand for 2/6—at the moment you can get the ordinary 15-franc paper-bound book for 2/6 in the shops, of course, but not in clear type on superior paper, in tough covers—is, as the French say, not too bad. And no embarrassing yellow covers. We bet that scooped the bilingual *Punch* public, to begin with.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"Why don't you boys paint this old-fashioned charm on your aeroplanes?"

Films of the Day

Family Life and Fairy Tales

By George Campbell

It is funny about film polls. For years Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer have shyly confessed to paying Greta Garbo £60,000 a picture; all this year we have been hearing about the tremendous box-office popularity of Mickey Rooney; Deanna Durbin has made four or five big successes in a row. And yet, in the latest American list of the ten most popular players of each sex, not one of them is mentioned.

Well, I still think all three are pretty good, even if Deanna Durbin's new *First Love* isn't quite as good as her last two films and not in the same class as *One Hundred Men and a Girl*. It starts slowly, with the orphaned Miss Durbin leaving school to live with some poisonous relatives. Her aunt is crazy about astrology and cannot accept an invitation to a party without consulting the stars. Her cousins are a loathsome lout, too lazy to puff his own cigarette, and a still more loathsome girl—no more feline, perhaps, than many another, but quite incredibly obvious.

The only tolerable member of the family is her uncle, a solemn, pudgy business man who stumps into his enormous house, looks cautiously around, hears the butler's announcement that the family are out with a mutter of satisfaction, and then settles down to work. Eugene Pallette, generally a hearty wise-cracker, plays him with prim and pursy face, a toddling gait, and not a gleam of conscious humour till the end. Then the worm turns and he smashes up his wife's astrological box of tricks, kicks his son through a glass door, and takes a hairbrush to his brat of a daughter—all of which is most agreeable to simple sadists like myself.

"First Love" is just *Cinderella*, and none the worse for that. The little heroine gets to her first ball with the aid of the servants, who buy her a dress, and a squad of traffic cops who speed her on her way and hold up her hateful relatives on the excuse that their chauffeur cannot produce a licence. She falls in love, rises to sing, with charming egotism, when it is announced that a prima donna will entertain the guests, dances all night with Prince Charming, loses her slipper, and returns home ecstatically happy, only to have her world destroyed by the catty cousin. How she retires from the world—"some want to teach and some to become missionaries," her wise old headmistress tells her when she comes back to school heartbroken—and how Prince Charming arrives with the second slipper, just as she is finishing "One Fine Day" from *Butterfly*, makes a modern fairy-tale of charm and humour, which I can recommend to all but chronic sourpusses who deserve no consideration anyway.

Not even a passion for spy thrillers can persuade me that *Espionage Agent* is good, but at least it is entertainment, of its kind. Interesting, too, as a proof that when it comes to international politics, at least one big Hollywood concern, Warner Brothers, is pulling no punches. The villains of the piece are frankly German. Beginning with German outrages in the United States during the Great War, we find the Nazis picking up now where they left off—stealing codes and plans, and organising wholesale sabotage in the event of war. The story begins in Morocco, with a waif (Brenda Marshall) forced by circumstances to play the Nazi spy. She finds her way to America on a forged passport, marries an American diplomat, ruins his career and risks her life to rehabilitate him. There are interesting glimpses of machines for deciphering codes and other technicalities, and the climax has a certain mild excitement. Joel McCrea, always handsome and agreeable, makes a credible young diplomat; Brenda Marshall, a newcomer, brings a new and pretty face if no very remarkable talent to the role of the spy; and George Bancroft, Nana Bryant and Stanley Ridges as good Americans, and James Stephenson and Martin Kosleck, as German agents, are all first-rate. Lloyd Bacon's direction is agreeably free from melodramatics.

"The Hardys" started something. Ever since M.-G.-M.'s series became so sensationally popular, in a quiet way, other producers have been trying to play up American family life. *Our Neighbours the Carters* might be found in any small town in the United States—or out of it, if we allow for minor differences of idiom. Here are the simple joys and heartbreaks of ordinary life. We all know the kindly little tradesman, inefficient by modern trust standards, fighting bravely against better organisation and relentless price-cutting. "Doc" Carter, the druggist, goes to the wall. At fifty, with five children, he finds himself out of business, forced down and down till he has to take work as a labourer.

So far the story is true of a million families. One can find Doc Carters all over England. The family problems—the daughter willing to sacrifice herself in a loveless marriage, the crippled boy practising exercises in an overflowing bath, the little girl tearfully volunteering for adoption by a rich uncle on the ground that she, having been with the family the shortest time, would be least missed—all these are universal. With the sudden intervention of the millionaire uncle, and the lightning switch to prosperity and happiness, we are back in fairyland again; but perhaps that is what people need in these times of spiritual and commercial black-outs. Fay Bainter is perfect as Mrs. Carter; Frank Craven, one of the most famous character-actors of the American stage, gives a life-like and touching performance as the chemist, and Edmund Lowe and Geneviève Tobin make a welcome reappearance as the rich in-laws.

Two other new films call for little comment. *The Middle Watch*, with Jack Buchanan, Fred Emney and a covey of pretty girls, is an Elstree re-make of a comedy which would, I suppose, be described as rollicking; and in *Newsfronts of War*—1940, the March of Time reviews the bloody events of 1939 and shows the stage set for 1940—and what?

Deanna Durbin's "First Love"

Robert Stack has the honour of being hero of Deanna Durbin's first romance and the donor of her first real kiss. Miss Durbin grows up charmingly and melodiously just at the right moment, her singing-schoolgirl successor Gloria Jean having made her debut in "The Under-Pup" (reviewed December 13th). "First Love," directed by Henry Koster and produced by Joe Pasternak (who also produces Miss Jean), is at the Leicester Square Theatre and is reviewed here

Rehearsal *in the Herbert Tree Room was taken by Miss Beatrice Wilson, the actress producer. The students are Kenneth Embly as Paris, Edith Felten as Juno, Leslie Greenfield as Minerva, and Rona Laurie as Venus*

The "Bystander" visits the

R.A.D.A.

Where Actors and Actresses of To-morrow Study Their Art

A stage relic *is the Juliet cap worn by Mrs. Patrick Campbell, and being fitted by Miss Lilian Norris on student Betty Rogers (see right). Costumes can be obtained by students from the wardrobe on payment of a deposit of 5s., 2/6 of which is retained towards cost of cleaning and upkeep. Costumes, properties, scenery properties, books and pictures are often given to the Academy by actors and actresses*

Holders of scholarships *are Betty Rogers (Leverhulme Scholar), and Betty Keech (I.C.C. Scholar), photographed in the main hall during a rehearsal break*

The Royal Academy of Dramatic Art is still (Christmas holidays apart) at home in Gower Street. About a third of its usual 250 pupils turned up for the first war term, and they work on a modified curriculum from 10 to 3, five days a week. They can't let the public into their own theatre to see them act, as it is the Academy's air-raid shelter, but next term it is hoped the annual public performance may be given, when the Bancroft Gold Medal and other awards are presented. The Academy, now thirty-five years old, was founded at his Majesty's Theatre by Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, but moved almost at once to Gower Street. It was incorporated by Royal Charter in 1920, got a grant of £500 voted to it by Parliament in 1924. The King and Queen are its patrons. Sir Kenneth Barnes, knighted last year, has been Principal since 1909, so is the theatrical father of an immense number of actors and actresses who have made their debuts and a great many who have made their reputations in the last thirty years

(Continued on following pages)

Make-up *is studied in the realistic atmosphere of the Academy dressing-rooms, here by Eunice Rogers and June Davies*

Audiences *in the Academy theatre are critical and deeply attentive while their fellow students are on the stage (only one student looked round at the camera). The theatre dates from 1931, when the new R.A.D.A. building was opened, and the King and Queen, then Duke and Duchess of York, watched the first performance there by senior students. Now it is equipped as an air-raid shelter, and no public performances are given there*

Criticisms *of performances in the theatre are prepared by other students, and then read out in class. The critics' corner on the left was in the Bancroft Room. Listening to the comments of the tartan-dressed girl, holding her notebook and glancing nervously at her teachers, are Miss Dorothy Saunders, the registrar, and Miss Lizzi Pisk, teacher of mime*

Notes *on their performances were given to costumed students by Miss Gertrude Burnett, production and acting instructor. On the extreme right is a Turkish student attending the Academy under the auspices of the British Council*

The R.A.D.A.

(Continued from page 385)

Impudence *and outraged dignity, by Jean Mackenzie and John Warrington*

"*Ssss*" hissed the teacher, and the pupil, with the help of two fingers, hissed in imitation. This was not a lesson in the expression of disapproval, but the correction of a pupil's defective "s" sound by Miss E. M. Evans, teacher of phonetics. The setting was the George Bernard Shaw Room

The Principal, *Sir Kenneth Barnes, and the registrar, Miss Dorothy Saunders, were watching a performance in the Academy theatre. Sir Kenneth Barnes has held his post since 1909, served in the last war from 1914 to 1919, is the brother of Irene and Violet Vanbrugh*

A lecture *that got a poor reception was Wendy Rogerson's to Irene Taylor in a modern play which was part of the autumn term curriculum (right)*

"***The Rose Without a Thorn,***" *Clifford Bax's play, was in rehearsal below, with Jeanne Durbin (holder of an L.C.C. Scholarship), Rona Laurie, Monica Trythall (Catherine Howard), and G. David Kennington (Henry VIII.). Just before the end of the R.A.D.A. term, the play (produced by Beatrice Wilson) was taken down to Charterhouse, and got a very enthusiastc reception from the school*

The Ambassador of France

Monsieur Charles Corbin at Home in Albert Gate House

André Charles Corbin is a diplomat of the old school: chief of the most important of London's Chancelleries, he yet is rarely heard of by the newspaper-reading public. He has no large family; makes rare speeches; is not given to appearing in national costume, or sponsoring food stunts, or complaining of English tailors. Reserved, patient, cultured, logical and witty, he does his job of official representation so smoothly that he is not news. Corbin was born this month fifty-eight years ago. He started his carrière de diplomate as Attaché at Rome in 1906; secretary there 1908; back to the Quai d'Orsay in 1912, served there in various departments till 1929, when he got the Madrid Embassy; Brussels 1931; and London 1933 (the year of Hitler's accession). His implementation of the entente whose policy bore fruit this autumn won him last year the Cross of a Grand Officier de la Légion d'Honneur from his President, a G.C.V.O. from our King

Signed portraits *of the King and Queen at whose Court he theoretically works stand in a corner of one of the entirely French state-rooms. Above them, a portrait of Viscomte René de Chateaubriand, Ambassador here in 1822*

Bruce *is the Ambassador's inseparable companion and, as dogs do, the Cairn terrier mirrors his master, being reserved but highly intelligent; and well liked by the Corps. On the wall behind hangs a Hubert Roberts pastoral*

The Ambassador's workroom, *warmed in French style by a stove, and not an open fire, is equipped with wireless (he always listens to the news), a despatch-box, two telephones differing by thirty years in age; all on a fine Empire table. The portrait above the tapestry screen is of a Duc de Broglie, grandfather of the scientist Nobel Prize winner*

Monsieur Corbin, *who as a G.C.V.O. may also be called Sir Charles, is a student of Napoleon, holds here the Revue des Études Napoléoniennes published on the centenary of la Grande Légende*

Lord and Lady Shrewsbury were married in 1936. He is just twenty-five, is waiting to be called up on the Territorial Reserve of Officers, was formerly in the 5th Staffordshires (T.A.), is at present a "Special"

Lady Shrewsbury was Nadine Crofton before her C. R. Crofton, of Trobridge, Crediton, Devon. Irish Horse, was married two weeks ago from Mr. and Mrs. Arnaute, of Fort Ann, I.O.M. Lord

Below: Lady Charlotte Chetwynd-Talbot and her cousins Venetia and Deirdre Heber-Percy

Charlotte Sarah Alexandra Chetwynd-Talbot is just a year old, is Lord and Lady Shrewsbury's only child, and very much the centre of the household. When her parents won't play with her, she has two cousins and four or five dogs of different sizes to amuse her

marriage, is the daughter of Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. Her brother, Anthony Crofton, who is in the North Ingestre, to Yvonne Arnaute, daughter of the late Shrewsbury was best man to his brother-in-law

Ingestre Hall is near Stafford, and is to be used as a hospital when needed. Lady Shrewsbury and her sister, Mrs. Peter Heber-Percy, are both qualified nurses, and will be on the Ingestre staff

Country Family

The Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury at Ingestre Hall, which is going to be a Hospital

Photographs by Swaebe

The present Lord Shrewsbury is the twenty-first Earl, Premier Earl on the Roll of England and Ireland, is Lord High Steward of Ireland, and patron of eleven livings. He succeeded to all this as well as his Staffordshire estates and the ancient traditions of his family, in 1921, when he was seven years old, succeeding his grandfather. His father, Viscount Ingestre, died in 1915. His mother, the Marquess of Anglesey's sister, is now Lady Winifred Pennoyer

Mrs. Peter Heber-Percy is staying with her sister, Lady Shrewsbury, with her two children, Venetia, aged seven, and Deirdre, who is eighteen months old. Her husband is in the Army. Like her sister, she has done her nurse's training

The tapestry below commemorates the exploits of the first Earl of Shrewsbury (created 1442), who, besides being Lord Justice and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, "was a celebrated warrior and gloriously sustained the cause of Henry VI. throughout his French realm"; he was defeated and taken prisoner by Joan of Arc at Patay, but "was soon exchanged and again pursued a career of victory" until killed at the battle of Chastillon, 1453

General Release

The dolls given to our Princesses are now mass-produced

The firm of Jumeau, Paris, obtained permission this autumn to make replicas of the dolls Marianne and France which the French people sent to Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose when their parents visited Paris, July, '38. Anticipating a natural desire among parents and children of the Republic to have the same doll as a princess, Jumeau went into careful mass-production, as we show here: top, three stages to nude completion; right, les demoiselles prêtes à sortir

Marianne and France are not traditional figures but smart Parisiennes who undress and close their eyes

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Escapers

By V. S. Pritchett

I AM not sure whether Miss Ethel Vance's *Escape* (Collins; 8*s.* 6*d.*) is a lot of nonsense or not. It is a novel about an attempt to get a condemned woman out of a Nazi prison. Is escape as easy as Miss Vance suggests? Escape from prison is difficult everywhere, but there is sometimes a chance, and if it comes, it usually comes in the most simple fashion. But I find it hard to credit that the Gestapo is as slack as Miss Ethel Vance makes out, or that such a conspiracy of coincidence as she gets together has any probability at all. Preysling, the American son of a famous German actress, Emmy Ritter, goes to Germany to rescue his mother. He has received a note saying she is in trouble and soon discovers that she has had a secret trial and in a week's time is to be beheaded for distributing illegal political pamphlets. Now listen: though his mother's prison is unknown, he by chance turns up in an adjacent town; by chance he meets the old family servant on the road; by chance he meets the prison doctor who has operated on his mother; by happy coincidence the doctor had been, years before, one of his mother's fans; by most convenient negligence the Gestapo, who know all about the son and his object, do not shadow or question him. It is not quite a walk-over, but it was convenient, wasn't it, that the old family servant had piously made arrangements for the poor lady's funeral, so that there was nothing peculiar in his turning up at the prison to receive the "body" when the Nazi doctor (duly converted) smuggles it out on a forged death certificate?

All this, while damaging to Miss Vance's story as a thriller—a genre which depends on real opposition and growing complication—is, of course, an argument for it being a true story, or, rather, a cooked version of a truish story. Miss Vance is indeed as interested in the conflict of the free and the slave mind as she is in agonies of suspense. Her Nazis are not villains. They are the Old School-tie type translated into German terms, romantic muddle-heads, neurotic and thwarted; and they are aided by the general indifference of the population. Her Nazis are the best-drawn characters. The rest are worthy shadows. There is an especially revealing scene when the doubt-tortured doctor decides to get the woman out and does some real Nazi play-acting in order to throw dust in the eyes of the wardress. He pretends to suspect her of disloyalty to the régime and of taking bribes; the horror of the present state of the German mind is that she accepts private espionage as normal and at once crumples up. In a palatable form Miss Vance conveys the mixture of fanaticism and apathy of the German atmosphere with obvious knowledge. She should be read for this because we ourselves need to be alert to the ease with which a police state can be formed.

MR. OSBERT SITWELL is an escaper also. *Escape With Me* (Macmillan; 12*s.* 6*d.*) is an affected, neo-Proustian, learned, witty, urbane and entirely delightful survey of a journey he took to the Far East before it went up in flames. It is the most eloquent and mature book of travel he has ever done. He travelled to please his senses, stimulate his digestion and to add more curiosities to the museum of his mind: huge things like the Angkhor Vat, the bric-à-brac of casual sights, and farcical exhibits like the behaviour of his travelling companions. These were French. Mr. Sitwell's eye for absurdity is improved by the grand manner and his elaborations on the smell of cloves in French Post Offices, or on the preparations for fire at sea which French ships always make in the Indian Ocean—non-inflammable ash-trays are at once distributed—gain by the ornate manner. Here is his satire:

The Chinese mind must often have been puzzled by the European, and in particular by the English, processes of thought; first of all we fight a war—or was it two wars?—against them, in order to compel them to smoke vast quantities of opium grown in India; then pressure of public opinion, especially of Anglo-Saxon and Half-a-League-Onward opinion, obliges the smoking of it to be strictly forbidden; and finally the first question nearly every European asks, on arriving in China, is "Where can I see an opium den?"

The water-birds are more numerous than men in what was once the Cambodian empire. The men have been replaced by monkeys; Mr. Sitwell caught these in a scene which was a painful variation of a scene once enacted by the unhappy Herr Greiser at Geneva:

At the present moment the peace of the scene and the beauty of it were prodigious . . . faint, contented, purrings and cracklings issued from the jungle within the walls. A tall, wide-winged water-bird, a creation in salmon pink and white and flame colour, with a touch of magenta and parma violet here and there, was fishing in the pool. Presently an almost sinister silence had descended; there was no longer a sound, not a movement from the trees. Then suddenly, while the bird's head was immersed in the water, a shriek of gutter-snipe laughter broke out from the branches, and a hundred or so very hard and pointed nuts, propelled by a hundred little hairy arms, cunning in their aim, shot out from the foliage at its superbly feathered rump. . . .

That is one of Mr. Sitwell's typical panel decorations. For Mr. Sitwell the world has been a mixture of the Sistine Chapel and the Zoo.

AND now to the rough and the tough. Nils Fredricson is a Swede who ran away to sea and *Endless Voyage* (Harrap; 8*s.* 6*d.*) is the usual story. A good deal of his first voyage was taken up with being knocked unconscious by friends in the fo'castle. Fredricson is too Nordic for me. "Fred Rebell" of *Escape to the Sea* (Murray; 8*s.* 6*d.*) is a much more striking character. Rebell is a Latvian. Knowing nothing about sailing, with rough charts copied in Sydney Public Library, in which he had missed out whole archipelagos, a home-made sextant—hacksaw blade and mirror—and a patent log based on an old alarm clock, he sailed 9000 miles across the Pacific from Sydney to Los Angeles in an 18-ft. cabinless racing boat, with only a canvas shelter. This is going several better than Alain Gerbault. "Rebell's" character is no less astonishing than his enterprise. Mystically religious, with a Robinson Crusoe conscience and romantically amorous, he involves himself with miraculous visions and disappointing girls in a fashion that would seem grotesque but for the simple, gesticulating frankness with which he writes. This is an exciting and engaging book, a very curious document indeed.

Poetry-Reading Prize Winner

Phyllis Wright has won the Lylie Pragnell Gold Medal for Verse-Speaking, the Poetry Society's highest award for under-nineteens. She is fourteen, comes from Harrow, was one of the three children in "Dear Octopus." She was photographed at the Poetry Society's headquarters in Portman Square

A CORRECTION

Time may be round, spiral or non-existent in plays and novels nowadays, but all the same Lady Eleanor Smith suggests we have played an unjustifiable trick with it in calling her forthcoming book "Mother's Meeting" (Bystander, December 13, page 324). Its name is actually "Lover's Meeting," is on the Dunne-Priestley time theme, and will be published by Hutchinson next month. We apologise for our slip of the pen (or clock).

"Bystander" Short Story

Something Unexpected

By B. L. Jacot

Illustration by Stocks May

As he turned off the rough mountain track Sergent Amboise saw—too late—that they were trapped. A second before he could have ducked for cover in the cactus shrub. But he knew now that if he made one false move he and the youth at his heels would be dead meat before they had time to turn and run. All they could do was walk ahead.

"Do nothing!" he breathed over his shoulder to Agent Latour. "Show no sign that we suspect anything is wrong."

Three men stood in the shadow of the barn. They were ominously still, rifles cradled in their arms, watching hawk-eyed as every step drew the two policemen nearer. The sergeant's mind worked quickly as he walked. The situation was desperate enough. The old farmhouse was miles away from anywhere. It was lost in this end of the mountains, its derelict buildings showing bone-white in the Mediterranean sun. He had only noticed it by chance in the distance as they were returning down the valley after the day's search in the hills.

"Mon Sergent!" the lank youth whispered. "I see that it is them. We should have kept away from these bandits, these killers——"

"*Psst!*" warned Sergent Amboise. "Don't talk. Only follow me, and do not watch them!"

"Oui, mon Sergent!" Agent Latour was not quick at picking things up, but anyone could have told that their lives hung on a thread.

Sergent Amboise had a reputation in the district for getting out of tight corners. He was telling himself now that he would have to think fast to get out of this one alive. What could he do, except walk? For one thing at least he was thankful—the rough mountaineering clothes they wore. They might almost be foreigners—English? Italian? Government officials surveying? Rich commercials from Marseilles? Persons only to be robbed and let pass . . .

The end of the valley was a wedge of blue where the sea lay beyond the hills. The mimosa, the scrub, the ragged pines drowsed in the silence that held the hills. If there was a more remote or desolate spot than these hills round the farmhouse the sergeant had not met it. Their bodies would not be found even for days. . . .

It seemed to take an age to cover the ground that separated them from the bandits. In spite of himself, his legs worked a little stiffly and his palms grew moist as his brain raced. He wondered what the boy was thinking. He was not bright, the sergeant considered. The boy would never make a smart detective like himself. But he came from these Esterel Mountains and knew the locality like the back of one of his great red hands.

As he approached, the sergeant avoided looking at the men standing under the wall, motionless still, each with a pool of black shadow at his feet. Only some thirty metres separated them now.

"If you see any suspicious traces," the Lieutenant had ordered, "send the boy back and wait for reinforcements. Take no chances. Those three snakes know what awaits them in the end, and a murder more or less does not count to them."

Mountaineering? But what was there to climb here? Picnic? It was then that a bold idea came to the sergeant. Something unexpected at least would give them a chance.

"Answer me in one word," he whispered urgently over his shoulder. "What was the name of that local brigand you were telling me of? The crétin who infests these hills?"

There was not much time now. Only a few more metres.

"Motura," the boy said. His voice had a queer, strained sound.

The sergeant stopped suddenly in his tracks. It might have seemed that he had just noticed the others. He raised a careless hand in greeting. Agent Latour had stopped, too. His heart was thumping. He did not like the look of those guns. He knew Corsicans and he personally considered that both he and the sergeant would be dead before they could get to the automatic pistols strapped to their sides under the rough mountain clothes.

The brigands made no sign. The sergeant—a brave man—strolled over. "Good-day, mes amis!" he greeted. "Is it——"

"Stay where you are!" The big man lowered his rifle to prod the sergeant's stomach, and the boy's own stomach turned over coldly on him.

The sergeant's face was eloquent of pained surprise. "You look for a war?" he asked. "Some Italians, perhaps, messieurs?"

"What are you doing here in these hills?" the man with the gun asked. His companions moved round a little, making a sinister half-circle.

"Just what I was asking myself about you, my friends," the sergeant pointed out coolly. "And shall I tell you what I was thinking? That with all this artillery you look to me like the brigand, Krili—and his two friends—eh?"

The sound of a quick-drawn breath came from the boy: the sergeant heard a sudden step as he moved closer.

"That would be a dangerous thought, monsieur," the brigand said. His steely eyes moved quickly between his captives. "Very dangerous."

"Dangerous, perhaps, for you, too, messieurs." The sergeant waved an arm around him. "In these hills."

"I do not understand you, but——" He fingered his gun, turning now with a glance to the others. The boy knew it was coming then.

"But," insisted the sergeant, "perhaps you will, when I tell you whom you have the honour of meeting. Only the foolish make hasty mistakes—foolish ones such as Corsicans out of their territory."

"You talk too much," the leader said. "Get moving, messieurs!"

The sergeant felt the boy's urgent hand

(*Concluded on page* 404)

Ring In the New

The flowers that bloom in the spring are still underground, but their fragrance comes in advance with Floris' perfumes, from 89, Jermyn Street. The scent of an English woodland has been recaptured in his English Bluebell series; the group above includes perfume (from 6s. 6d.), powder (5s. 6d.), a sachet (3s. 6d.), and toilet water (from 10s. 6d.)

Jumpers are fluffy this season, just as furs are shaggy, and here is a perfect model to begin the New Year. It is made of that specially full, long-haired angora that gives a really deep "pile." Burberry's, in the Haymarket, have it for 69s. 6d. in light navy or pale hyacinth blue. Although it looks so fragile, it can be washed quite easily if it is properly done, and Burberry's will be pleased to give their advice on this. If you feel the cold, they have Esquimau jackets with hoods, also in angora, which look delightful over evening frocks

Bring in this New Year with a new frock to keep up the party spirit. The model on the left, 10½ guineas, from Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, is in matt material, dove grey, ruched into a sequin motif in front. The sequins are repeated on the shoulders of the bolero, a useful accessory for informal dinners and dances. The frock could, of course, be copied in different colours. Another model from the same department is made in silk jersey, shirred right across the bodice and the short sleeves. This costs 6½ guineas, in various shades, as well as in black

More Fragments from France : By Bruce Bairnsfather

"I wouldn't worry about not having had leave this Christmas, Dad; there'll be plenty of other Christmases when you might get it." (No answer)

Two New Films

"The Rains Came" sends Myrna Loy to India

"Each Dawn I Die" teams Raft and Cagney

These are the three big names of "The Rains Came": Tyrone Power, Myrna Loy, George Brent. The film, directed by Clarence Brown for 20th Century-Fox, is based on the novel by Louis Bromfield

***"The Rains Came,"** which went to the Gaumont last week, is set in Ranchipur, "a strange mixture of the age-old mysticism of India, and the ultra-modern," we are told. Central figures are "handsome, worldly" Tom Ransome (Brent), Major Rama Sufti, a Hindu doctor (Power), Fern, who wants to be an actress (Brenda Joyce), and "Lady Edwina Esketh" (Loy), wife of Lord Esketh. These people's emotions are let loose when the rains come, but the flood and destruction scenes carry the honours of the film*

***"Each Dawn I Die,"** which went to Warner last week, is a not new story of a framed journalist, his life in, and escape from, a State Penitentiary. James Cagney plays the central figure, Jane Bryan (left) is the girl working for his release, George Bancroft (right) is a prison-mate. Warner Bros. are responsible for this film*

A notable feature of "Each Dawn I Die" is the teaming together for the first time of Cagney and George Raft. The latter is a gangster whom the former helps escape, to his own eventual benefit

Women's Golf: By Eleanor E. Helme

Scrapbook for 1939

A SCRAPBOOK it is, and very incomplete at that. No cumulative interest of the heroine going from strength to strength through the twelve months; not even a Cinderella suddenly arriving from the kitchen, but just a few isolated facts, leading nowhere, without coherence or finish.

It is one more grudge against Adolf. Nineteen thirty-nine promised well in a golfing sense. The season began at Wentworth, over the vast yardage of the West Course, with the London Foursomes. It was "a long, long trail a-winding," and admiring as we were of the magnificence of that course, leg-weariness was rife, and four very tired golfers comprise my recollection of a sterling dog-fight of a final, when Miss Pam Barton and Mrs. Armstrong (Sylvia Bailey) got home safe but shaken from Mrs. Hicks and Mrs. Gilligan. Of course, that ought to be written as Royal Mid-Surrey and Roehampton, but this is a page of recollection, and if one sits back and thinks—a process for which a black-out train provides every opportunity—it is personalities rather than labels that obtrude. Which would no doubt encourage the unbeliever to say that golf always was a selfish game, devoid of team spirit.

AFTER Wentworth came Roehampton, and the Gold Cup retained by Pam Barton, whose name has only failed to decorate that trophy once out of the last five years; she was showing herself a highly successful scorer just about then, for a few days later she won Camberley Heath's open meeting scratch prize, against a vast field, with 75.

Those who labour coincidences will make a point of a curious resemblance between the golf of Miss Barton and Miss Cecil Leitch, not forgetting a habit common to both and entirely delightful, from a spectator's point of view, of making a right down bad shot every now and again, and then wiping it out by something extra special and entirely brilliant. The almost invariable win of a scratch prize at any open meeting with a first-class score is another point of resemblance, and now comes war to shut down the career of one, as it did of the other, at a moment when the world seemed at that player's feet. But Miss Barton is luckier, if less great, than Miss Leitch, who had striven for seven long years before winning the Open; now it remains to be seen whether Miss Barton can come back holding her Championship, as Miss Leitch did in 1920, go on winning it again afterwards, and dominate all golf until the arrival of a Joyce Wethered, 1940-something model.

HERE the "long, long trail" changes key as we recall Mrs. Bason, after a struggle of seventeen years, winning the Northern Foursomes, partnered by Mrs. Whitfield, her collaborator for the last ten of them. What a final it was, too, before they got down that putt on the last green, to defeat the holders, Mrs. Somerville and Miss Green, from Sand Moor. Hesketh had excelled itself in weather and in kindness: flowers all over the club-house, though it was only April, and the ever-famous Southport shrimps are two vivid recollections of that week.

After that, fixtures and recollections become a hectic whirl, fitted as to tune by nothing more descriptive than "The Bees' Wedding." There were BYSTANDER Spring Medal foursomes at Wentworth, with Mrs. Gilligan and Miss Garnham winners; Veterans at Ranelagh, won by Mrs. Temple Dobell, with inevitable accompaniment of "Smiling Thro'"; BYSTANDER Scottish Foursomes at Turnberry, with Mrs. Eckford Wallace and Miss Purvis-Russell-Montgomery holding on to the cups (we should have to hear "Scots Wha Hae"); the match against France at Bramshot, the "Marseillaise" and "Rule, Britannia" happily interwoven with the last two tunes as Great Britain, under Mrs. J. B. Watson, win by 6½ to 2.

THEN the Open at Royal Portrush, with a glorious medley of Scottish airs as their side wins the internationals, gliding into "Irish Eyes" as Miss Jessie Anderson, picked beyond dispute to win the Championship, goes out to Miss Clarrie Tiernan. Then, once more, "The Long, Long Trail" as Miss Barton, who had worked steadily up to her best all the week, won her second British Open, though not without a tussle which will stick long in memory, against the indomitable Mrs. Marks. Ireland looked so beautiful, even though the greens were burnt to the colour of khaki. Yes, khaki. Was it symbolic?

In August, Miss Barton made a brave, unsuccessful bid for the American Championship, but war was very near then; she sailed back in a darkened liner, with a lifebelt a more vital matter than clubs, and now, instead of having perhaps added English to her Open title, she is ambulance-driving.

HOW long is it going to be before there is another Open? "The Long, Long Trail" fades out. There has been no time to talk over the other big events, nor of the younger players who will come into their kingdom when the war is done. Good-bye, 1939! Welcome, 1940! We must "greet the unseen with a cheer."

The Northern Foursomes

Mrs. W. M. Whitfield and Mrs. A. Bason (Prestbury and Upton) won the seventeenth "Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes by beating the holders, Mrs. Somerville and Miss Green, by one hole. Mr. B. Hanmer and Mrs. Stephenson, captains of Hesketh, presented the prizes

The Spring Medal Foursomes

Mrs. A. H. Gilligan (Roehampton) and Miss Kathleen Garnham (Naze) won the "Bystander" Spring Medal Foursomes at Wentworth in May with a score of 157 for 36 holes. They also won the event in 1937

The Scottish Foursomes

Mrs. Eckford Wallace (Murrayfield) and Miss Purvis-Russell-Montgomery (Elie and Earlsferry) won the "Bystander" Scottish Foursomes at Turnberry; Miss Jessie Anderson and Mrs. J. P. Ramsey (Craigie Hill) were runners-up. Semi-finalists: Miss H. MacGlashan, Miss I. A. Walker, Miss W. Macdonald and Mrs. MacFadjean

Four Engagements

Lenare

Miss Cynthia Grace Spink-Bryce

Cynthia Spink-Bryce is to marry Ralph Bruce Verney, eldest son of Sir Harry Verney, Bt., and Lady Rachel Verney, of Rhianva, Menai Bridge, Anglesey. She is the only child of the late T. W. Spink, and Mrs. Chalmers Bryce, of 24, De Vere Gardens, W.8

Pearl Freeman

Miss Peggy Hopwood

A Naval engagement announced in November was that of Lieut. Charles Patrick Gay Noble, R.N.V.R., and Peggy Hopwood, younger daughter of Admiral and Mrs. Ronald Hopwood, of 7, Sloane Gardens, S.W.1. Lieut. Noble is the son of Admiral Sir Percy Noble, C.-in-C., China, and Lady Noble, of Admiralty House, Hong Kong, and 36, Sloane Court, S.W.3

Lenare

Miss Zoë Pether

Zoë Pether is engaged to Sir William Lawrence, Bt., son of the late Sir William Lawrence, and Lady Lawrence, of Riverdale, Dorking, Surrey. She is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. S. S. Pether, of Stowford, Headington, and Grazaley House, Iffley, Oxford

20th Century Studios

The Hon. Avice Vernon

Avice Irene Venables-Vernon is the only daughter of Com. Lord Vernon, R.N. (ret.) and Lady Vernon, of Sudbury Hall, Derby, and 34, Trafalgar Square, S.W.3. She is engaged to Francis William Marten, elder son of Vice-Admiral F. A. Marten, of Charlton Kings, Cheltenham, and Mrs. Marten, of Queen Anne's Mansions, S.W.1

Cannons of Hollywood

Miss Agnes Celestria King

Agnes Celestria King has announced her engagement to Sub-Lieut. Charles Guy Vaughan-Lee, R.N.V.R., only son of the late Admiral Sir Charles Vaughan-Lee, and Lady Vaughan-Lee, of Guillards Oak, Midham, Sussex. She is the only child of Captain Charles and Lady Clare King, of Britwell Priors, Whitchurch, Hants, and 13, Lennox Gardens, S.W.1, and cousin of the Earl of Gainsborough

Smyly — Berry

Dennis Douglas Pilkington Smyly, 16th-5th Lancers, and the Hon. Dorothy Margaret Berry were married at St. George's, Hanover Square. He is the son of the late Major and Mrs. R. J. Smyly, of Sweethay Court, Trull, Devon. She is the third daughter of the late Lord Buckland, of Bwlch, and Lady Buckland, of Woolton House, Newbury, Berks.

Getting Married

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Bassano

Georgina Willoughy

Is engaged to Capt. Evan Yorke Nepean, Royal Signals, only son of Sir Charles Nepean, Bt., and Lady Nepean, of Westleigh, Warminster, Wilts. She is the only daughter of the late Major N. E. G. Willoughby, and Mrs. Willoughby, of Heytesbury

Margaret Mary Prideaux

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Prideaux, of Queenscroft, Wimborne Road, Bournemouth, and is engaged to T. H. V. Haydon, son of His Honour Judge Haydon, K.C., and Mrs. Haydon, of Esher Lodge, Esher, Surrey

Harrison — Webb

Capt. John Bryden Harrison, 8th Punjab Regiment, and Rhona Mary Holden Webb were married at St. John's, Smith Square. He is the son of Major and Mrs. W. T. Harrison, of Barton-on-Sea, Hants., was a member of the expedition which climbed Nanga Parbat. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Holden Webb, of Wellington, New Zealand

Wilson — Bonser

Peter Humphrey St. John Wilson, son of the Rt. Rev. the Lord Bishop of Chelmsford and Mrs. H. A. Wilson, of Bishop's Court, Chelmsford, and Catherine Laird Bonser, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Howard J. Bonser, of 2, Hamilton Terrace, N.W.8, were married at St. Mark's, Hamilton Terrace

Mansergh — Keeton

Nicholas Mansergh, D.Phil., of Pembroke College, Oxford, and Friarsfield, Tipperary, and Diana Keeton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Keeton, of Chiberta, Pines Road, Fleet, Hants., were married at the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, Oxford. The bride was a trible Blue when she was at Oxford

Pullar — Scott

Eric Gordon Pullar and Evelyn Mary Scott, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Scott, of St. Vigeans, Bridge of Allan, Perthshire, were married at Chalmers Church, Bridge of Allan. He is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Pullar, formerly of Bridge of Allan, now of Bexhill-on-Sea

FitzHugh — Arkwright

Captain R. Michael FitzHugh, 17th-21st Lancers, younger son of the late Godfrey FitzHugh, and Mrs. FitzHugh, of 22, Eccleston Square, S.W.1, and Rafela T. Arkwright, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bertram Arkwright, of Frith, Stalbridge, Dorset, were married at St. Michael's, Chester Square

Catherine Bell

Margaret Stammers

Is engaged to the Hon. Paul Bradbury, younger son of Lord and Lady Bradbury, of Wingham, Claygate, Surrey. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Stammers, of Blackthorn, Oakwood Avenue, Purley, Surrey. Lord Bradbury is a former Permanent Secretary to the Treasury, and finance and currency expert

Lenare

Jacqueline Cross

Jacqueline (Dicky) Cross is engaged to Charles William Noel Miles, younger son of Sir Charles Miles, Bt., and Lady Miles, of Walton-in-Gordano, Clevedon, Somerset. She is the younger daughter of the late Robert Singlehurst Cross, and Mrs. Cross, of 37, Porchester Terrace, W.2

Lenare

Amelie Sheila Gibson

Is the daughter of the late Hon. Victor Gibson, and the Hon. Mrs. Gibson, of Ridings Copse, Peaslake, Surrey, and niece of Lord Ashbourne. Her fiancé is Ralph Neville Salvesen, only son of Major R. H. Salvesen, of Avondale, Polmont, Stirlingshire

Lenare

Pamela Margaret Bromet

Is engaged to Thomas Edward Pooley, son of the late Major and Mrs. T. E. Pooley, and nephew of the Hon. Lady (Victor) Stanley. She is the daughter of Air Commodore and Mrs. Geoffrey Bromet, of 87, Knightsbridge, S.W.1

Morton — Griffith-Jones

Stephen Alastair Morton, Royal Artillery, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Philip H. Morton, of Anne Gate, Dorchester, Dorset, and Lily Yarrow Eveline Griffith-Jones, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Stanley Griffith-Jones, of Drews, Beaconsfield, Bucks., were married at St. Peter's, Eaton Square

Michael Edward Gibb is the youngest son of Brig.-Gen. Sir Alexander and Lady Gibb, of Gruinard, Ross-shire, and Queen Anne's Lodge, S.W.1. Ursula Mary Gibbs is the younger daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Guy Gibbs, of Ruckley, Eaton Grey, Malmesbury, Wilts. They were married at Christ Church, Westminster

Pearl Freeman

Mrs. Leonard Williams

Mrs. Williams was Renee Hazel Pentycross, younger daughter of F. H. Pentycross, of Preysete House, Petworth, Sussex, before her marriage early this month to Leonard Williams, only son of the late P. S. Williams, and Mrs. Williams, of 31, Tite St., S.W.3

Gibb — Gibbs

Dug-Out Décor

Ensemble : by Barribal

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Wartime Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

With numbers of officers and men of the Navy, Army and Air Force at present on Christmas or New Year leave, there is naturally a keen interest in the subject of the use of cars by those temporarily at home. The R.A.C. has had many requests for information, and they have formulated advice under four separate heads.

Taxation: The Government has not been able at present to allow anything in the nature of special short period licences to cover wartime leave. The car should therefore be licensed in the ordinary way from the beginning of the month in which the leave falls to the end of the current quarter. After the leave expires a rebate for the unused months should be applied for from the licensing authority.

Petrol: At the same time as the vehicle is being licensed, application should also be made for the appropriate basic petrol ration. In addition it has been agreed that members of the armed forces will be granted a supplementary petrol ration for use during the leave period. The machinery for the issue of the necessary coupons is now being worked out by the Mines Department and will be communicated to those concerned through the appropriate channels.

Insurance: The company insuring the vehicle prior to its being laid up should be communicated with and will be in a position to make the necessary arrangements for temporary cover and the issue of an insurance certificate. This should be arranged first of all as it will be necessary to produce the Insurance Certificate with the Registration Book when the vehicle is licensed.

Driving Licence: If a driving licence has expired this must be renewed in the ordinary way. The above arrangements only relate to cases where a car has been laid up. If it is still licensed and insured, the only matter to be dealt with is that of the supplementary petrol ration, particulars of which are not available at the time of writing.

Though machines nowadays do more and more of the work which used to be done by hand, the skilled workman still plays an important part in industry, not only in the production of consumer goods, but also in the making of those miracles of precision, the machine tools themselves. Tool-making, with its high standards of accuracy, is a highly specialised craft. A visitor to the tool room of the Lucas factory, in Birmingham, for instance, would find it staffed by skilled engineers, trained to working to extremely fine limits.

It is a highly skilled job, for instance, to operate one of the great 9-ton planing machines found in the Tool Room. The work is clamped to a sliding table which moves smoothly backwards and forwards over its oiled bed, while the cutting tool, mounted overhead and controlled to the finest degree by the operator, steadily removes the infinitesimally thin shavings of metal.

The machine, which is the newest development in planer construction, can be started, stopped, reversed, traversed in any direction for any distance, from one inch to six feet, by simply pressing buttons mounted on a hand control held by the operator in any position three feet from the machine. Four tools can be used at the same time, so that the operator is virtually working with six hands—four of them mechanical ones, of wonderful precision, and two the skilled, trained, irreplaceable craftsman's hands which still play a vital part in creative industry — even in this intensively mechanised age.

A CORRECTION

In our issue of December 13, page 338, we published a picture of Mrs. Patrick Grove Annesley (Ruth Rushforth) on the occasion of her wedding. We regret that owing to a photographer's error we gave her name as Mrs. Patrick Grove.

"My Goodness — Their Guinness"

This practical Christmas present has been sent off to the B.E.F. by Messrs. Guinness: 150,000 bottles of their own velvety brew. We hope their transport was, like that of the B.E.F. itself, without a single casualty

Something Unexpected

(Continued from page 394)

on his arm. He shook it off. The move had not been lost on him, but he knew what he was doing. "Few have lived," he pointed out, "who ordered Motura to move." He paused for a moment to watch it go home.

The leader, Krili, exchanged a startled look with the man on his left. Together the two of them swung to fix the third brigand, staring now at the policemen with his mouth agape.

"Monsieur Motura! A thousand apologies!" the leader stammered. "I—we did not know you were Motura. How could we—from Corsica—know that?

The sergeant shrugged. He gave no sign that his breath now came easy and sweet. "Everyone can make mistakes," he said. "It is forgotten." He felt a pressure from the shoulder of the boy at his side, and decided that Agent Latour was breaking under the strain. It was these rifles, he thought. Those ugly snouts still trained on the stomach! It was enough to make anyone sick. In a moment, perhaps, he would panic. Run. Which would be terrible now.

"I think, messieurs, you should offer me a drink of wine," he suggested.

The leader jerked up his gun. "A thousand pardons, Monsieur Motura! We will drink, of course! Will you give yourself the trouble of entering the house?"

Sergent Amboise had worked this out, too. A rifle is a clumsy weapon indoors. As he turned to walk into the farmhouse he was already fingering the butt of his automatic pistol, strapped under his armpit. But an earthquake suddenly broke out in the group at his heels . . .

He caught a fleeting glimpse of Agent Latour swinging a rifle-butt, then a milling heap seemed to drop on him. But the sergeant was a fighter. He was already firing as he fell. The next few moments were filled with the crash of his pistol and of that of his companion. A knife seared the shoulder of Sergent Amboise, and he struck downwards with the butt of his empty pistol. Now he did not know which way the fight was going to go.

But the boy leapt to his feet from a heap on the stone floor, leaving two figures sprawled unmoving behind him. He swung a rifle in a long arc on to the neck of the bandit who was attacking the sergeant.

"Espèce de bœuf!" Sergent Amboise cried, hugging his wet shoulder. "Did I not tell you to do nothing?"

The boy helped him to his feet. "Shall we now tie them up, mon sergent?" he asked.

"Fool! When they were friendly! When I had everything well planned!"

"I do not think they would have been friendly, monsieur," the Agent said stubbornly.

"*You* don't think they would have been friendly! You who disobeyed my orders and started the fight!"

"Inside the buildings, mon sergent, they would have shot us," the boy suggested apologetically. "Inside the buildings the shots would not echo in the hills to attract attention. It was for that, I think, they allowed us to walk inside."

"You have no sense!" the sergeant snapped. "I'll keep these men covered while you tie them up. Then you can fetch the car. 'Allowed' us to walk inside! Did you not note my cunning? My subterfuge?"

"Yes, mon sergent."

"You understand nothing. You should keep your large mouth shut!"

"Yes, mon sergent." The boy set about his work quietly and efficiently. But it was clear something worried him.

"What ails you?" Sergent Amboise demanded at length.

"Soon they would suspect you were not Motura," the boy explained. "So I hasten to start the fight."

The sergeant was nursing his shoulder out of his torn coat. "So you can look into the future?" he asked with heavy sarcasm.

"I cannot look into the future, mon sergent," the boy replied patiently. "That I cannot do. But I can look at Motura. Here he is. The one I am tying up."

THE END.

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of the Bystander *during the current month must accompany any entry for the* Bystander *Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card* and certify the scratch score of the course. *Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* Bystander, Hazelwood, Hunton Bridge, King's Langley, Herts., *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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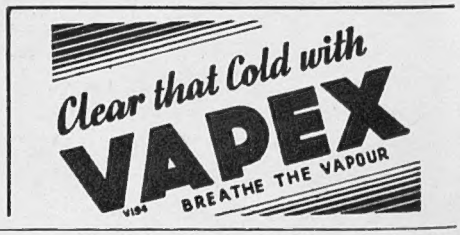

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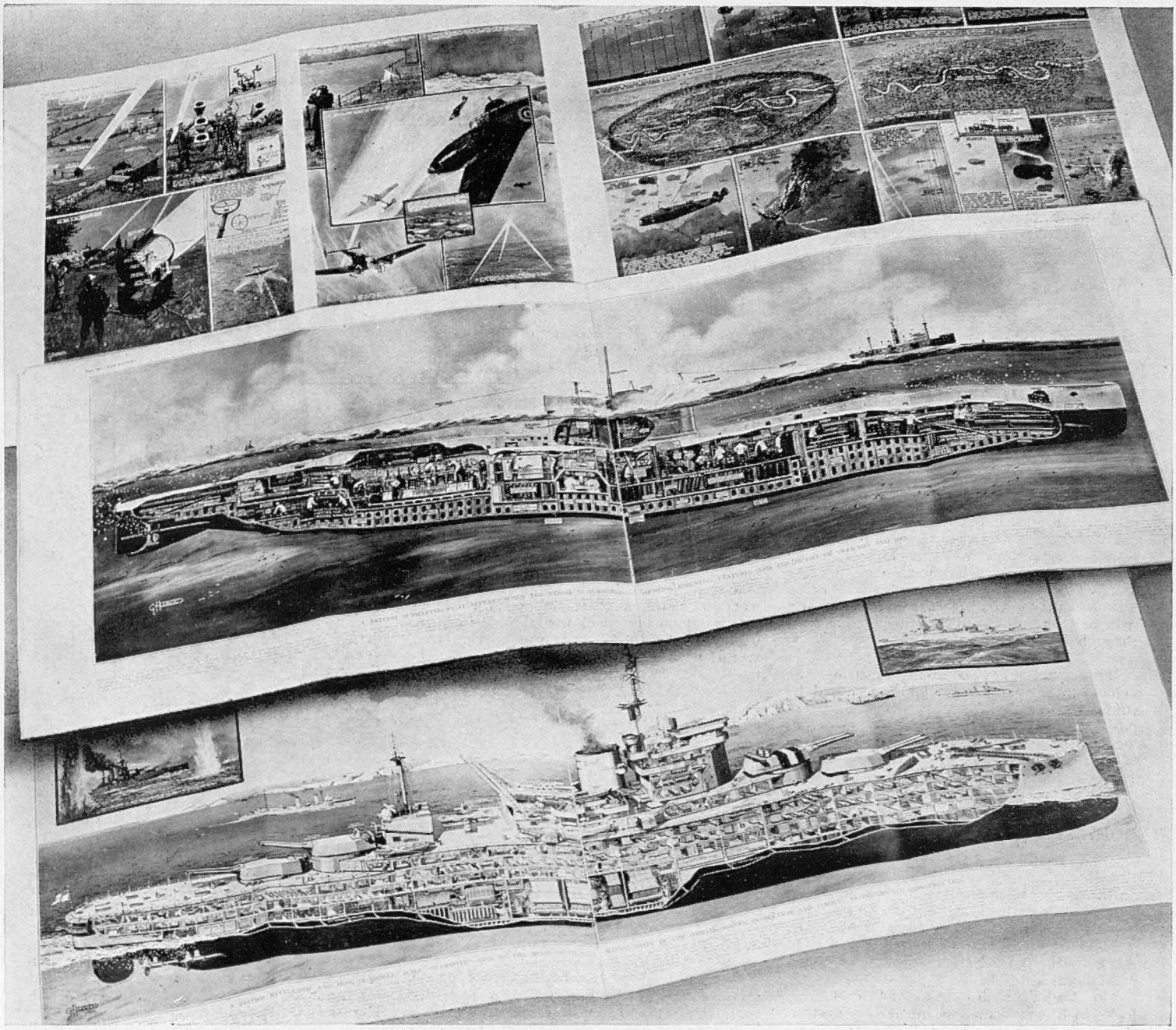

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